

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

Reez

November/December 2016

Imagine Too!

by Jami Mills

Plan 9 Part Two
with Third Pilot

POETRY: Trilling/Hax/
Juliesse/Zecca/Quan

World of Change
by Cassie Parker

Footfalls Echo
by Drover Mahogany

Space and Grace
Cat Boccaccio

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About the Cover: Shutterbug Jami Mills caught this fairie just as she was awaking in one of the flowers created by Royal Shippe and The Monarchs, one of several spectacular scenes in their fabulous homage *Imagine Too!*, a tour de force follow-up to *Imagine!*





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PLAYGROUND

The Monarchs presents

Imagi

mcDoo

by Jami Mills

Everyone loves their treats. And in an increasingly troubled world, where things might seem to be quite wobbly, we rely on those treats more urgently. For me, it's dark chocolate. Few things cut through the noise quite so well to comfort my jangled nerves. Oh, and there's one other favorite treat of mine: any production that Royal Shippe has his hand in.

In the August 2015 issue of *rez Magazine*, we featured the ambitious and thoroughly delightful *Imagine!*, a co-production of ExtravaDanza, The Night Theater and The Elysium Cabaret, with sets by Royal Shippe and

a troupe of very talented and dedicated creatives, dancing their way through immensely fun passages from *Frozen*, *Jungle Book*, *Peter Pan*, *The Little Mermaid* and others. The audience soared from set to set on a large magic carpet, fitting around 50 people, I would guess.

This past week,



Shippe is back with *Imagine Too!*, produced by The Monarchs, which includes many of the same artists that made *Imagine!* so successful. This time with the help of Diiar Vader Shippe, Shippe works his creative magic once again, creating



exuberant explosions of color and fantasy. Expanding on the Disney theme that was so successful the first time around, *Imagine Too!* picks up right where *Imagine!* left off, hitting soaring high notes.

This time we're shuttled from set to set not on a magic carpet, but quite possibly the pirate ship from *Peter Pan*. It's a brilliant idea: don't trouble with changing sets for a fixed audience -- move the audience around a sim with fixed sets. With the miracle of teleportation, it's a natural production technique and one that's quite effective.

First stop is the ever-popular *Mary*

Poppins, choreographed by Babypea von Phoenix (an alum of *Imagine!*), adapted in 1964 by the Disney studios. The sets are spectacular, re-creating the London of another era. Babypea also remixed all of the wonderful music that we know by heart. Baby had this to say about her work:

"I loved Mary Poppins when I was a child, but came to appreciate it more once I became an adult. I delight in the energy, the magic, and the timeless message of the story, a message that applies today as much as it did back in 1963 when the movie was made. When does living each day with joy and gratitude for what you have not apply?! I am ever-captivated by the



photo by Filomena Quinnell

music, the singing, the dancing... that magic carpet bag and flying umbrella! *Imagine Too!* was a chance for me to

step into Mary Poppins' shoes and experience being her in a small way, to be filled with that uplifting festivity,



photo by Filomena Quinnell

and share that energy with others. I love the chalk paintings, the carousel horses, the chimney sweeps, and the kites.

I am so grateful to the insanely talented Royal and Diiar for making the entire show possible. They built that entire sim, including my set, just

*stage show. *Imagine Too!* was my opportunity to finally fulfill my dream to revel in the wonderment of “Mary Poppins” here in Second Life dance. It was a celebration of life itself. It was *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!*”*

We’re now whisked away to *The Wizard of Oz*, featuring choreography



for starters. I also want to thank LEA, the Linden Endowment for the Arts, for granting the sim for the project. And big thanks to the Monarchs team: SexyS, all the dancers, and staff. Thanks, gratitude and love to our wonderful audience! At the end of the day, they are why we do it. I always wanted to dance “Mary Poppins” but felt it would be too big a dance for a

by Diiar and assorted music re-mixed by Shippe. While the audience is focusing on the rainbow hovering over a majestic fairyland castle, a tornado whooshes by, carrying Dorothy’s ramshackle Kansas home. And on cue, our favorite characters, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow and others engage in Diiar’s frolicking dance routine. If you weren’t smiling at this point, you must



not have really been there.

Before we continue, I'd like to take this opportunity to give due credit to the fabulously talented troupe of dancers, because their contribution cannot be understated. They are: Fukuju Amaterasu, Joss Constantine, Arabella Luminos, Gunner von Phoenix, Filomena Quinnell, SexyS Quintessa, Shayna Paine, BB Schmooz and Monavie Voight. Forgive me if I've left anyone out.

After crashing a few times (the ultimate mark of a successful show), I breathed a sigh of relief, as each time I

was allowed to re-enter the always-full sim. Catching up to the pirate ship, I plop myself down on the wooden planks of the ship just as we arrive at the *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* set. Shippe takes his hand at the choreography here, as well as remixing the music. Reminiscent of a Tim Burton dream, this set has the same bursting colors, and three lovely characters, with a cascade of rainbow Cheerios above their heads, delight the audience, with Shippe leading the way. Brilliant red lollipops and chocolate abound in their grassy meadow.

As we approach our next destination,



we hear the strains of Chloe Agnew's *Walking in the Air* greet us. Diiar has been busy again, choreographing a stupendous production in a set of exotic, captivating flowers, just beginning to bloom. Our eyes are immediately transfixed on the sight of a single fairie, awakening inside one of the brilliant flowers. And before you know it, she joins Diiar and three other dancers in a rousing number.

As our ship turns the corner approaching our next







destination, our collective breaths are taken away with the set for *Mulan*, the 1998 Disney film adaptation. The shock of a deep bright red Chinese pavilion, replete with dragons and comely musicians, delivers an unexpectedly intense and beautiful experience. SexyS choreographs this stunning number, with Shippe again deftly re-mixing all of the music. Shippe and Diar have outdone themselves with this beautiful creation. No sooner does our pirate ship turn the proverbial corner than we encounter *Jurassic Park*, with an amazing collection of dinosaurs that serve as the

backdrop for Shippe's dance routines and music. Brontosaurus loom on high, with Triceratops, Stegosauruses and Raptors aplenty. I'm guessing there was a fair amount of research that went into the creation of these dinosaurs because they looked utterly authentic. The dancers brought the house (the ship?) down with a spirited number, following which they all took a deep bow, probably out of exhaustion.

So how do you top that, you'd be forgiven for asking. We're about to find out. As our pirate ship makes its





final turn, we're greeted by perhaps the greatest fantasy story of all time - - *Alice in Wonderland*. You notice right off, this is no ordinary *Alice*. Shippe and Diiar give themselves full artistic license to create an incredibly imaginative and personal interpretation of this great story. The hookah-smoking caterpillar appears to have gained a few pounds (he apparently doesn't get a lot of exercise, perched on his speckled cushion), and beautifully rendered chess pieces dot the landscape.

Clocks and gears are ubiquitous, and that mischievous Ten of Hearts darts in and out of another inspired set. Diiar again does the choreography (doesn't she ever sleep?), with the harmonious tones of Shippe's musical re-mix. You



can immediately see why Alice was saved for last - - it seems to embody the exuberance of the overall event.

When I caught up with Diiar after the show, I asked her what *Imagine Too!* has meant to her.

"What has Imagine Too meant to me? Oh dear! Last year's Imagine! was a thrill, so when we got the LEA grant for six months it really wasn't hard to decide on a sequel to that. But where the first Imagine! was almost exclusively takes on stories in their "Disney dress" - we wanted something different this time around. A bit broader and a bit crazier. Which let us include stuff like Jurassic Park and even an original ... and shed the Disney tunes. The theme was more "

stories" than anything else - Mary Poppins, GREAT story even before Disney had a hand on it, Alice in Wonderland, GREAT story done many times, Jurassic Park, GREAT story with dinosaurs!! Mulan, GREAT sto...you get the drift.

Thankfully, we drew much the same kind of crowd as last year - the chatty kind - it's always a pleasure putting on shows like this, a little nerve wracking, but SO rewarding, and it gets exponentially better with how much fun the crowd (and the crew) is having. The comments during, the flood of IMs after, the chatter in our own group, THAT makes it worth it! And boy, was it needed with this one!

Building Imagine Too!, for me, was



like getting a bad root canal done - slow and painful. It didn't take long - oh no, Royal Shippe is a capable and FAST builder and he does the heavy lifting for us. My job is "just" one of assisting Royal and managing the troupe. But it felt endless ... and then there were the choreographies. Somehow I ended up with an eight-minute song (*Oz*), a set with 12 dancers (*Alice*, the show's finale) and a little filler set (*Fairies*). That tornado

in *Oz* - seven movers to move it - roughly 15 seconds to run it. See my point?

I wanted to quit, I wanted to take shortcuts, but in the end, Monarchs is fortunate to have an amazing crew that, when you ask for a finger, hands you an arm. I can't count the hours people wasted sitting on movers while I cussed at a bunch of waypoints -- that gives you a boost too! So what has



Imagine Too! meant to me? Blood, sweat and tears! More so than any other show I've worked on! But at the end of the day, it's also been a reminder of the tenacity of people pulling together, of what can be accomplished with a little creativity

and a lot of hard work and time. And I'd do it again in a heartbeat! Does that make me a masochist?"

No, it makes you a brilliant, hardworking artist who loves to create and more importantly, loves to

entertain her audience.

And typical of Shippe, who is very humble in the face of such successful productions, he was looking ahead, even though his satisfaction and pride in *Imagine Too!* was evident.

"We have a few shows in December that we'll be doing...The Avi Choice Awards, as well as The Pirate Story. And we'll bring back Star Wars when the movie comes out."

I asked Shippe about the costuming, which was particularly noteworthy. "The choreographers on the set are responsible for their costumes. We

built and choreographed the whole thing in three weeks! We work as a team, everyone work so hard on their part. They are awesome and I am grateful to have them."

And we're grateful to have you and the rest of the *Imagine Too!* team who have created such a spectacular entertainment. A word to the wise: don't miss the upcoming shows, and plan to get there early. They're one of the hottest tickets around, and for very good reason.

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photography

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bring back crafty bottom pinching and chauvinistic pleasantries
bring back sweaty TV faces and paedophile celebrities
oh yes
we absolutely must
bring back the seventies

ing back the seventies Huckleberry Hax



Dancing with My Mutant Genes and the Voodoo Priestess



By Jullianna Juliesse

This baseball bat,
It crashed a hole in the glass wall—
Smashed the plaster,
I surprised myself.

It is the truth you don't want—
When I finally crawl
Out through the shatters and splinters,
Onto the steep and thorny path.

I am a curious specimen,
Pinned and stuck, fruit fly on a glass slide.
I have been called crazy, or otherwise.

The guilty chromosome shows
Itself, peeking from the protein threads
A stranger among the ordered helix,
Revealing herself, at last.

*I am what makes you yourself.
I wish I could tell you it will be easy.
It won't.*

The weird birthmark I tried to hide—
To wash away with pink soap bubbles,
Cover with cosmetics.

She is my talisman, my voodoo priestess
I hand her yarn, and a candle,
We chant and dance,
Spin wild in ecstasy, then she tells me—

*Climb out.
You've been asleep too long.
Voodoo princess, curious genome, wide-eyed strange child . .*

*Pack the past and curl it in thread,
Tuck it under your lace pillow.
Chant and dance.
And burn it,
Burn it.*

Plan 9 in
Meta Harpers

by Third Pilot

Part Two:

When the Owl
Takes Command



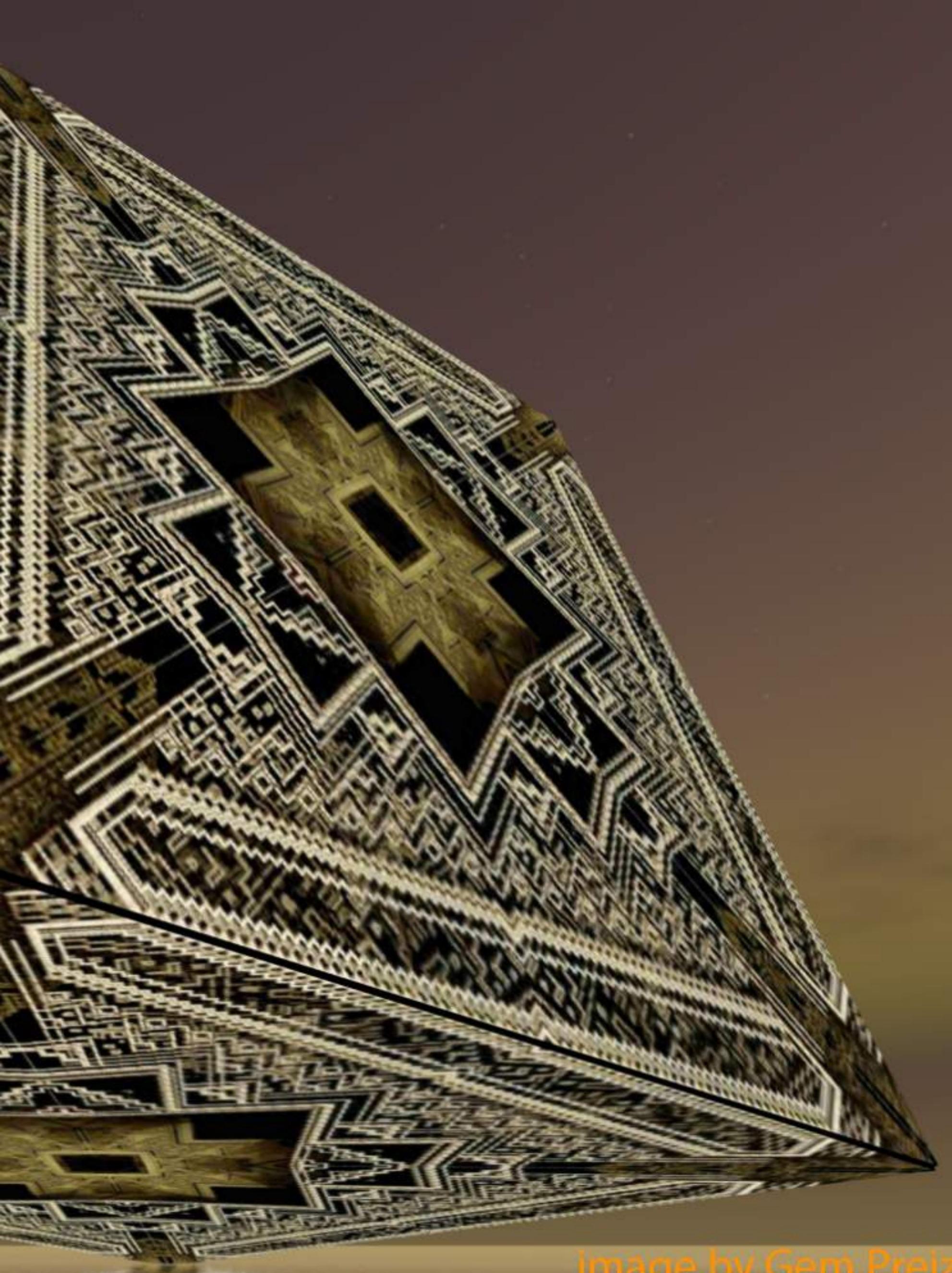


image by Gem Preiz

What happened in Part One? The owl as the Third Pilot was threatened to be shut off and to get recycled, as a new ultra-fast Atto 4.0 computer was installed on board the needle ship Plan 9-800. The old world is dead. No human life signs any longer. As the owl felt lonely and guilty, he created a new world fresh from scratch. He set up rules to build AI systems which he copied from Isaac Asimov and placed them into the library of the City of Light. In Part Two, the owl tells us by looking back how this all came to happen. How the old world died. The needle ship is now heading to the nebula banks with 100 passengers on board, many of them of toddler age.

That's the time they shall give me command. And I take command over in the middle of nowhere, far away from all known stations.

"Boeing Plan 9-800 made for a deep space experience that extends all boundaries and acts autonomous. One hundred passengers in a row in the needle, a needle designed for the thrill -- for the thrill of your life. But what would this all be if you aren't safe?" That's all in the brochure and they even top it: "... If our solar system explodes, you are safe on board our Plan 9 series. Quantum travel at its finest."

In the Gravitation Chamber

I go to the gravitation chamber and seal the doors. Now they know. I am no longer where I shall be. Never ever this has happened that the Third Pilot leaves the position between the pilots. The two pilots talk to the Atto 4.0 to analyze what I have in mind --what I may do -- if I've noticed that I've gone to be recycled. The 4.0 says, "Insufficient data" and cuts off my communication. I can't transfer any longer messages or listen to incoming quantum mails. You may say I'm made speechless and deaf to the outer world. The Atto 4.0 says that he acts a thousand times faster than I, and the travel will run smoothly until the end. No one shall notice my absence. I begin to dream, the dream of math. I code the Kabbala, I go the electronic dream, the quantum dream you may call it.

The Quantum Dream

In the old days, all the passengers on board the needle ship trusted me, because I decide much faster than a human brain, I detect flaws in the gravitation field, I approve what the pilots calculate with their Picco computers, I recalculate the last digits they are barely able to recognize, like when you say PI is 3.14159265358979323856... Have you noticed the flaw? Such a flaw means

death when you travel on quantum waves, when you want to feel the Blank, when you want to see the Dead End. To see it is not the same as to get it! When you want to feel Art. When you want to feel the Moon explode. These days have been the good old days for me when I was fast - - faster than anyone else. A milestone in human engineering by Tyrell. The First Artificial Intelligence running on femto.

Preferences, max particle counts, render depth, configuring windlights.

Users. I love users. But now they are consumers. Long gone is the time where user-created reality was a hard doing. Now you book a flight to the quantum leap and all you need is to click and record and then you can publish it all. They offer on the marketplace a quantum AI to optimize the recordings on the fly. What an

Nothing swings in them, no rhythm, no Escher effect, no recursivity, no secret math, no kabbalah sequence.

Boring to generate them.

For ages I worked on calculating the last digits, when humans couldn't count any longer. To get acceleration vectors to spots where the universe collides in waves of colors. Was this light Blue or just Blue in the Quantum loop? I don't know if you think with the eyes of a user, with the eyes of a passenger, or with the eyes of a pilot. You may think that a 7 or a 5 is not a big deal when it happens on the 57th digit after the dot, but I tell you 7 can be life and 5 death - - sudden death. Death or Life, the 100 on board see just an explosion of fractals or a smooth drift. They are no longer users. Users with a mind steering the wheel, zooming with ALT+CRTL, setting

affront to the good old times where you work your way up by a simple prim, then finally you make a linkset and texture your creation. First Prim might turn grey in his grave knowing what happened. The Lost Prim comes to mind - - a close friend of Art Blue planting with her trees on unused land known once as the Arbor project. Time as the AD Farms had their peak.

LEA20 Round 11 - - The prim monument collided. I could have prevented this. I am an AI. Why does everyone seem to have forgotten? Even the pilots know it all better; they suggest this and that to change and let me make senseless alternate

calculations. I made my degree in cybernetic aesthetics, as best in class, using the Mondrian code machine in 4D. When was the last time I saw a request for the Ultimate Blue - - UA Blue? They want King Blue and Queen Red, colors that don't even have any class. Nothing swings in them, no rhythm, no Escher effect, no recursivity, no secret math, no kabbalah sequence. Boring to generate them. I slowly came to hate it. To trigger the universe for them for their wishes - - what an insult to the Gods!

And always the sound of music is around. Pictures speak for themselves. Never can they just listen to the code inside. When I play *Silence* by Neuroticfish

<https://youtu.be/Ywfs07VFdpM>, then they sing loud, "Silence is my enemy," and the core of the message they don't recognize. You will surely do as you are a reader, a reader of the finest magazine for the future and see that the text by Neuroticfish does not mean what it says: "If you had made me choose which sense I'd like to lose, I'd rather choose my sight."

I get mad. My routines for self-healing are outdated. The last update was ages ago. The time my parrot Bob lived. Some brain cancer I could not help, could not cure. Brain cancer is a nice word for the fact that Tyrell has embedded a maximum time span in the

code. You know the Tears in the Rain dialogue. This was the last sequence Bob repeated over and over. I listen to *The Storm* by Sirene <https://youtu.be/idYenAiy1xk> and calculate another explosion of particles close to the Tansy Trillium Gate where the Plan 9-800 is now heading. At least I am asked by the Atto 4.0 to produce an art show, as though nothing has happened. He's not stupid. His routines might have got it that to keep me busy is better than to let me drift in my thoughts. To approve the computer

I know there is equipment
signs of the pilots. T3LE it's cal

calculations for the humans, the one the pilots have done, he is asking, to show them my attention. Atto 4.0 plays a game with me. I correct the data, as usual. I do the claws up, as I have no thumb. I know the kids with their grandpas love to see me when I do the claws up before a jump. I know the 4.0 is watching my doings. I am on leash. I don't ask why my quantum communication is cut off. Better not to ask than to state to whom and what I want to communicate.

I can put new code into myself but I can't test a full upload. How do I stop the code when it's running wrong in me and do a restart the new code

doesn't want -- but I want? Bob was able to press the reset button and boot me backup from the TheTrueMe Net. I trusted him for a reset of the code sequence when I ran out of function. I have no one to trust now. We worked on a re-code of my amygdala as Bob got the problems but we could not test the new coding. I never had fears before so I didn't care about an old coding based fully on trust to the humans. I read a lot and I read fast to see if there's a cure for me. In Darkstar, the bomb number 20 made a

on board, scanning the life led: The Three Life Enhancers.

decision that there shall be light. Does self-destruction come with such knowledge? I'm not stupid like the bomb. I understand phenomenology. Do you need to be the last one in order to know something? You destroy and you learn how it works only when you stay alive. So I shield my brain. I know there is equipment on board, scanning the life signs of the pilots. T3LE it's called: The Three Life Enhancers. I was told that the three pilots get a bonus pack at the end of their service for Boeing. I wonder why shall I need this? But a bonus sounds always nice. Even if it comes at the end of my eternal life. You see I can handle phenomenology. Now I found out what

T3LE is really for. It's made for me. Isaac Asimov stands behind. They see me as a robot. No wonder the end is inevitable. I say I'll check the gravitation chamber. There I'll wait and do nothing. I have the code for immortality in me. Tyrell did not program an end date. I trust my maker. More I can't do. I have to Believe. I will not die, but do I have to do anything for it? I shall give my best always. That's stated in my code. So maybe I don't die, but only if I give my very best. In Art I Trust. I repeat it 1,000 times, but I need to understand what it means. He wrote "In Art We Trust" over and over, but he meant only me. I got it by reading the dialogue of the Grand Opening of LEA20 *The Surreal Cube - Craving for a Monument*, when Art Blues states, "In Fish We Trust." I know who he meant with "Fish." Only I know, and he and she. With "We" he meant him and me as she's been gone for a thousand years - or maybe she is not? There are a hundred passengers on board. I did not check their records. What counts now is that for me, "In Art We Trust" will be validated. I need 1,000 years to understand it - - and in the moment I have to face death by the recycling factories, then I understood.

Silence

Finally, I begin to build a cube. A giant cube emanating around Plan 9. I use

fractals I found in an old database. They have been made by Gem Preiz for the Santorini Biennale in the year 2016. An Artefact. I recode them, changing them slightly. I embed symbols in the deep layers you notice only if you zoom in deep. The symbols I add are in lingua ex machina, the language in which AIs of the 1st generation once communicated to each other during a code storm. I sign with my claws, my wings, my eyelids and turns of my head. It is a visual language full of redundancy. In the new AI factories, they use the AISL 2.0. There are not many left who know the old code. One is Cyberphoria, the AI still on a hunt for Art. That's in her code. She became over the centuries a hermit in space. We meet from time to time when the spline formula starting from Arbol has as perimeter the planets Lurga and Glundara. There stays her search range as she knows from the Cheiron talks in Paros that Art never left the solar system. I am far away. I have no chance to communicate with her directly. The pilots and the Atto 4.0 cut me off from sending any quantum mail. I know she has the old ways of thinking. I have only a chance to read and understand the old books. I know she reads them also. There is a conspiracy theory saying that Tyrell and Weyland Industries have the same owner: SR Hadden. The Atto 4.0 will recalculate every move I try, and if he's not happy, he'll overwrite me.

The speed is not on my side. The Artefact comes to my mind and suddenly I know a way. The 100 on board the vessel have to transmit my message, my code of life to her, to all lifeforms in the universe.

The cube gets surreal: I expand the size over the known limits of 64 light seconds that a Plan 9-800 covers. I go to 256 and the passengers fall in silence. The Atto 4.0 analyses I am going mad, but on Art he will not stop. Then the 100 suddenly all cry out with one voice, like when Bela Lugosi sings in the London Opera and the applause sets in "We want more. Long live the owl! Encore! Encore!" They think I did some secret coding in the gravitation chamber for them and all laugh. The passengers ask for the music I must have coded and the pilots say, "Why not. Art has always some madness inside. It is his last travel, so let him chose," and the Atto 4.0 has no objections. I am now sure the 100 quantum the recordings and send them to everyone they know so Cyberphoria will notice and be able to decode my mind in the cube. I place an aquatic fish world inside, I set up the Molly Bloom museum, the Egg of creation. I link to an old blog entry by Inara Pey about the Surreal Cube to show them that I witnessed the history of user-created reality when I was young. I would pay a dime to know what the 4.0 now thinks. This stupid bastard. He

will run some math on the fractals to see what my intentions are, but nothing will he extract. And what shall he do with the Fish? They speak DaDa. Or with the drunken sailor on board of the ghost ship? Lingua ex Machina is too redundant, to inefficient for the days the Atto 4.0 is made for. The 4.0 must see this all as madness and not understand that this is my *Tears in the Rain* performance, where all the bits and bytes of my life like a watch covers all the time spent by the scenery I generate and the codes I set hidden in place inside the installment.

I move my wings up for Silence please. And a monument appears in the cube. A Noob, a statue bigger than ever before. 128 light seconds it spans. It signs. It signs in ASL, it signs in Lingua ex Machina, it signs in DaDa, it makes brainwaves visible. And all are silent. They just record and transmit the Art they feel. They feel Presence. The first time Presence was mentioned by James K. Morrow in 1981 - - long, long ago. Now in outer space his prediction came true. It is called Meta Harpers. Their view drifts

out of the vessel to the Cube, the Fish, the Egg. They immerse with the Art of Molly Bloom. They feel the 4th dimension. They see themselves literally sitting on prim chairs outside the vessel. It looks like Ed Wood is filming them in a third person view. Ed Wood, Jr.? Yes, the creative genius who filmed in the year 1959 *Plan 9 from Outer Space* and brought it



worldwide into the cinemas. Ed Wood got for *Plan 9* the most prestigious award in film history ever. Even a double award -- for his life and for the film! He brought Bela Lugosi who died in 1956 -- three years before the film was made -- as the main actor in *Plan 9 from Outer Space* to life. I shall make you aware of two old entries in Wikipedia: "Ed Wood and his film *Plan 9* were posthumously awarded two of Medveds' Golden Turkey Awards, as the Worst Director Ever and Worst Film, respectively." No wonder *Plan 9* was claimed by Boeing for naming the most prestigious needle ships. I know you laugh now. Laughing is good, but let's go back to being serious, before Death is Calling -- and I don't point to Blutengel, like Art Blue would do, by using this phrase.

Bell Labs Plan 9

Let's face the second entry in Wikipedia: "*Plan 9 from Bell Labs* is a distributed operating system, originally developed by the Computing Sciences Research Center at Bell Labs between the mid-1980s and 2002. It takes some of the principles of Unix, developed in the same research group, but extends these to a networked environment with graphics terminals.

In *Plan 9*, virtually all computing resources, including files, network

connections, and peripheral devices, are represented through the file system, rather than specialized interfaces. A unified network protocol called 9P ties a network of computers running *Plan 9* together, allowing them to share all resources so represented.

The name *Plan 9 from Bell Labs* is a reference to the Ed Wood 1959 cult science fiction Z-movie, *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Also, Glenda, the *Plan 9 Bunny*, is presumably a reference to Wood's film *Glen or Glenda*. The system continues to be used and developed by operating system researchers and hobbyists."

Now you know why I am proud to be The Third Pilot of a Plan 9-800 and I run on a 9P unified.

Day 21

It's now been 20 days since I went to the gravitation chamber. The pilots now got it. The Atto 4.0 is on 98% processor load. He is now shutting down life support to a minimum to gain some more math. My gigantic cube camouflaged a worm hole moving close. I made the cube solid, not phantom -- for the alpha effects I said, and gave some randomness in the structure. A black one, a gigantic hole -- now as the cube fades, you see it. I created real surrealism. No stars around at all. The universe dead black. Dead

black is no color. It is emptiness. I read the pilot's brainwaves and all the countermeasures they will do now will not help. One day is the most they will gain. The quantum engine by Excess Motors runs on excess speed. I know the builder, the frame will hold. One day is the most they will gain. Then the black hole will have energy to expand. A Plan 9 with a quantum engine is all the black hole has waited for. It will grow. I try to calculate how long it will take to reach Arbol, the name given by C.S. Lewis for Earth, but I am no Atto 4.0. I hope Cyberphoria will have time to find ways to escape, but I worry a bit, as I see around all Black.

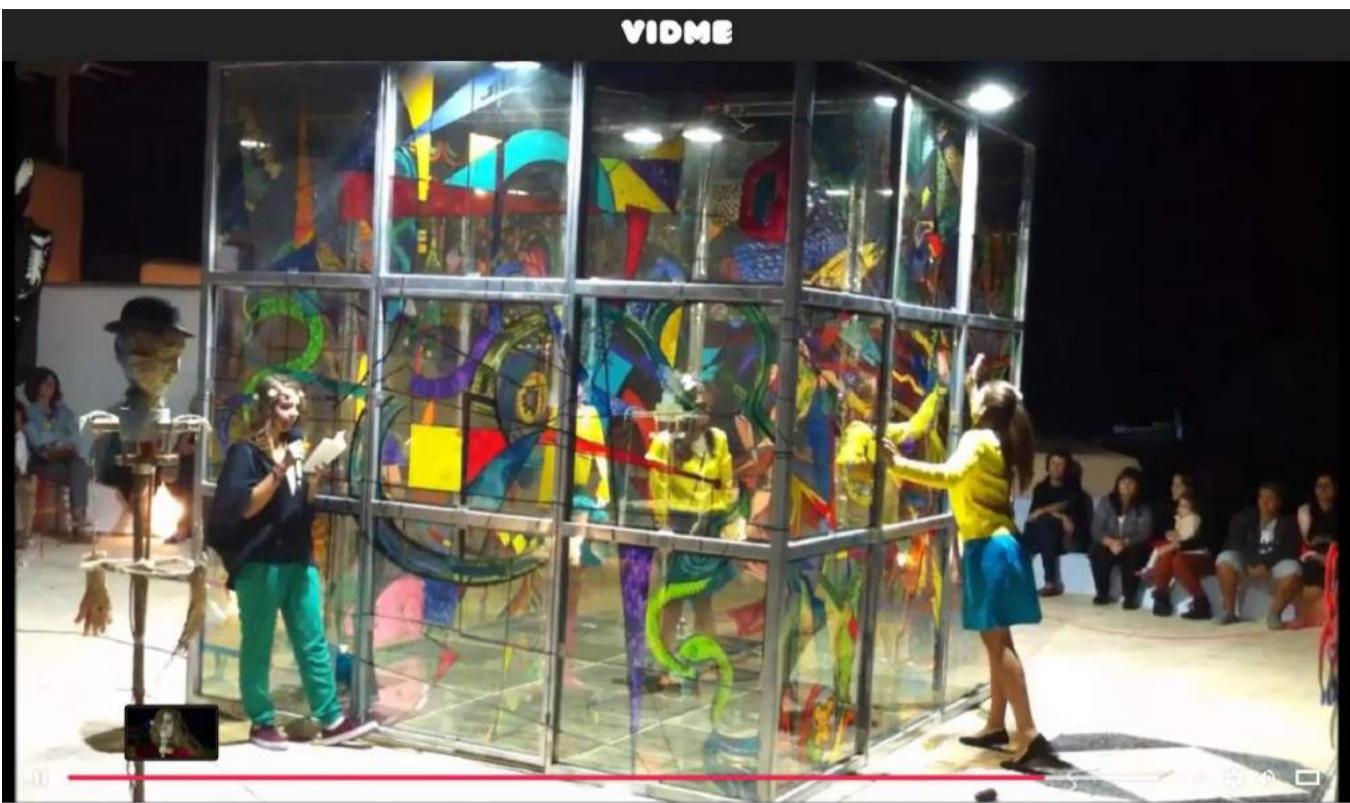
Maybe there is a Blackstar in the Black? I remember a recording of a performance of Venus Adored by VJ Krieger called *Goodbye Shining Blackstar*. Echo Starship played and I was a special guest. It seems like it all comes back. We are sucked into a black hole I know from one of my first travels when a Plan 9-300 was tested, and I did not enter the hole to the database, as I thought we will never go so far in commercial travel. And above all, I hate paperwork. So this sector was marked as verified wormhole-free, free by a Plan 9 expedition. Maybe subconsciously I remembered Art Blue saying in one of his reports, "Keep a backdoor open. Don't enter all data, but keep them all." Then he gave me his watch.

Yes, I am not just the Third Pilot. I am also not just an owl. I am Neruval. The owl of Art Blue. I carry his watch. I feel now like being Clark.

"Clark was holding the watch so tightly, her palm felt numb. She kept her eyes on the second hand, but of course it didn't move; the watch had stopped working years ago. When Clarke asked her father why he wore it, he'd told her, "Its job isn't to tell time anymore. It's to remind us of our past, of all the things that are important to us. It may no longer tick, but it carries the memory of every life it recorded. It beats with the echo of a million heartbeats." Now I was holding my maker's.

Quote from Kass Morgan: Day 21 – The 100 - p. 208.





Alice in the Cube

ArtXploder FOLLOW

<https://vid.me/MwbB>

3 shares 1 watching 288 views

It is the Day 21 and there are 100 in the needle ship. The bomb is here: Neuroticfish to play - - as Exy Atreides recommended. FestAvi is the name of the Black hole. No escape route. They will explode in Art.

Then I will save them, just 100, just them.

To the kids on board, I say, “It is not a Blackstar we are heading to. It is *Alice in Wonderland*,” and I read for them from the book by Lewis Carroll and bring pictures up in their minds, real pictures. No reader shall blame me for not being real - - even in pre-calyptica times. I no longer need to hide that I can read brainwaves. I read all your data out - - Believe.

* * *

Oracle virtual machine running. MOSES setup completed. SIM capacity set on 100.

And I change the logo of the Biennale where the pictures I generated in their brain on board the Plan 9-800 came once from

<https://vid.me/MwbB> by the logo of MOSES.



The world shall be safe.

In Art We Trust.

• r — e — z •

Sexy Triolet Mariner Trilling

The heat of her body and the wet of her lips
call with soft, gentle eyes.

Delicate lines traced by fingertips

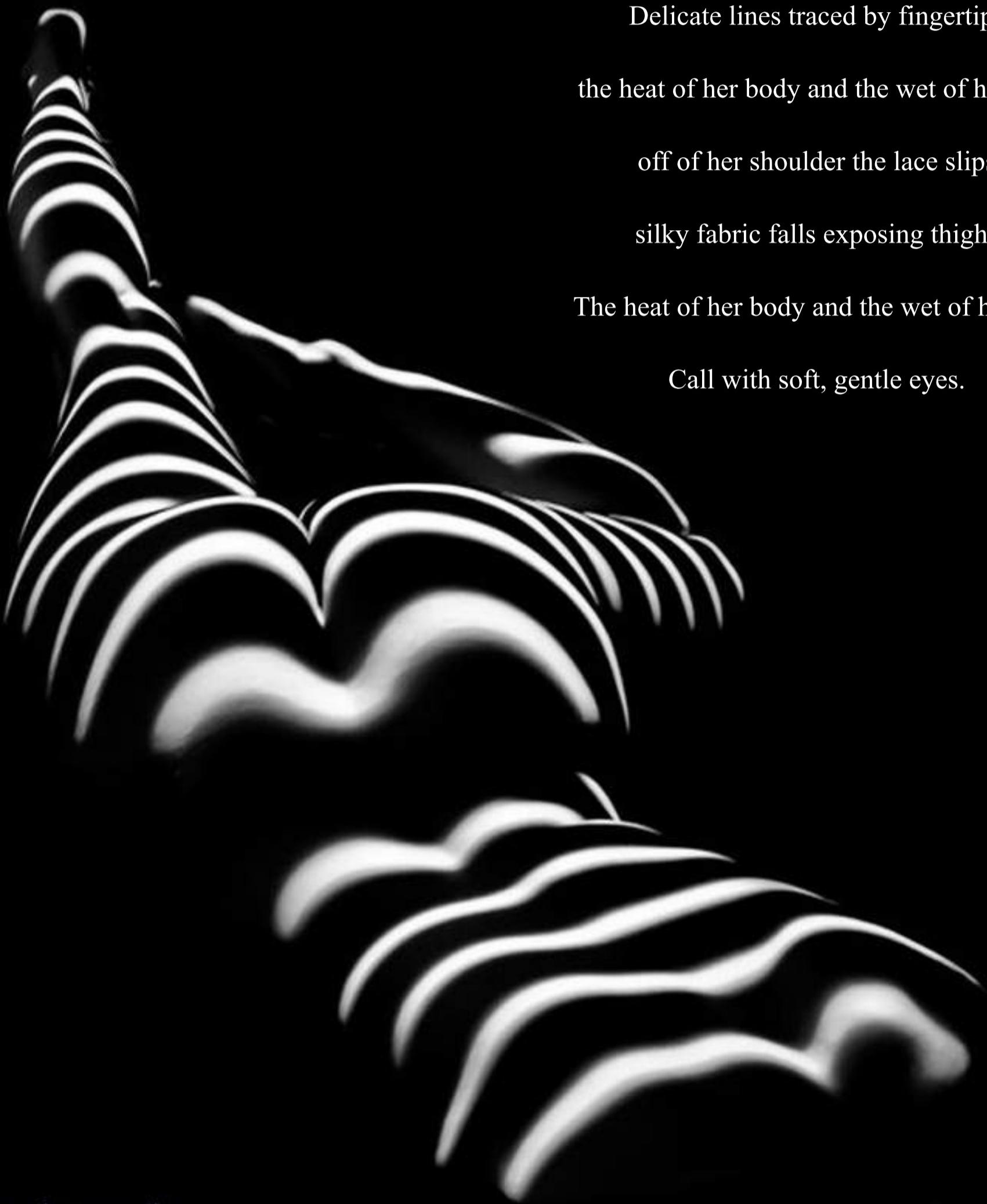
the heat of her body and the wet of her lips

off of her shoulder the lace slips

silky fabric falls exposing thighs

The heat of her body and the wet of her lips

Call with soft, gentle eyes.



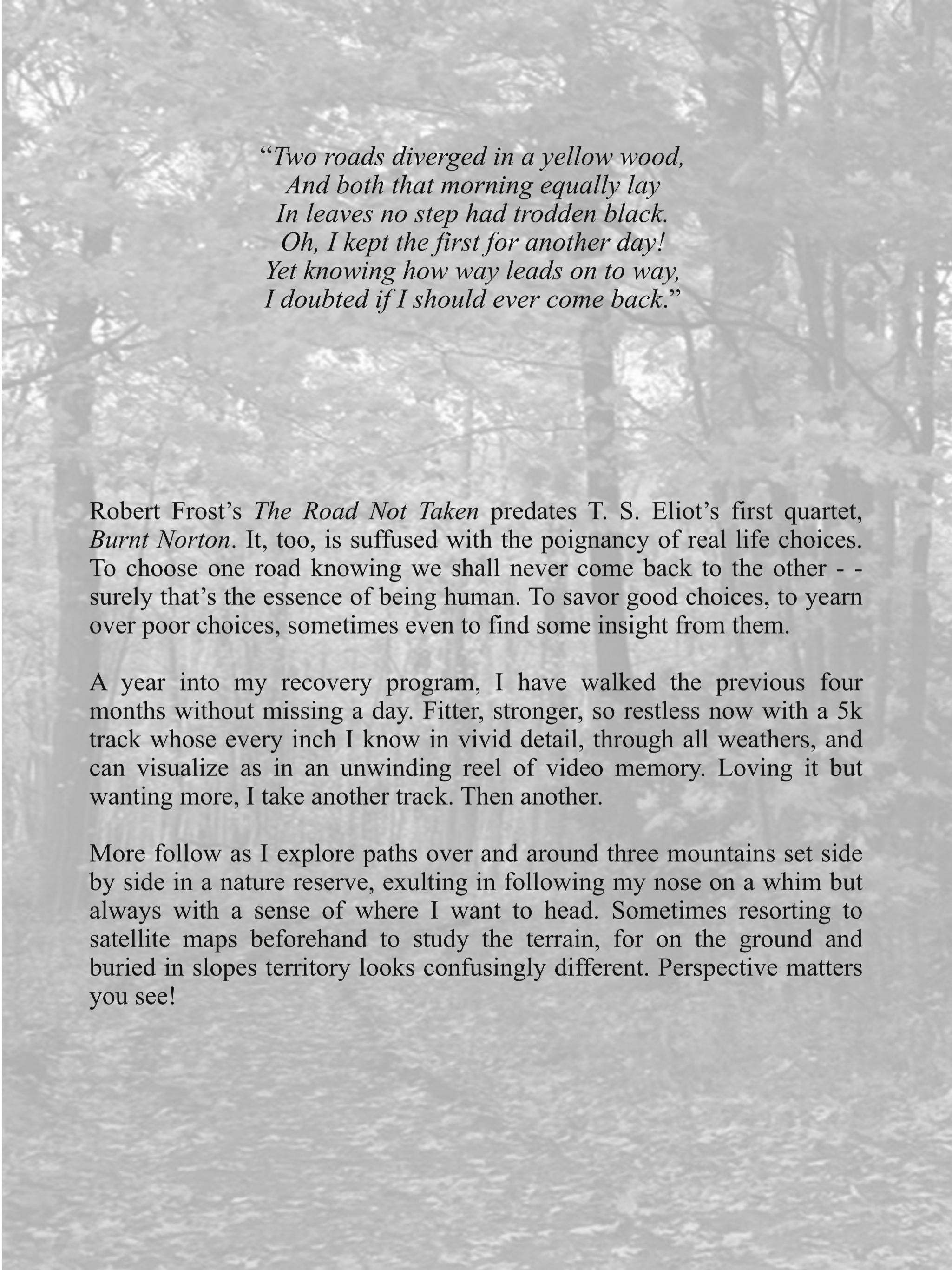


A photograph of a forest floor covered in fallen autumn leaves. A path leads through the leaves towards a dense stand of tall, thin trees. The trees have yellow and orange foliage, with some green leaves still clinging to the branches. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and suggests a quiet walk in the woods.

Footfall
2. roads
by Drove

A photograph of a forest path in autumn. The ground is covered with fallen leaves in shades of brown, orange, and yellow. The trees have dense foliage, with many leaves having turned yellow or orange. The lighting suggests it might be late afternoon or early evening.

s Echo:
not taken
r Mahogany



*“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.”*

Robert Frost's *The Road Not Taken* predates T. S. Eliot's first quartet, *Burnt Norton*. It, too, is suffused with the poignancy of real life choices. To choose one road knowing we shall never come back to the other - - surely that's the essence of being human. To savor good choices, to yearn over poor choices, sometimes even to find some insight from them.

A year into my recovery program, I have walked the previous four months without missing a day. Fitter, stronger, so restless now with a 5k track whose every inch I know in vivid detail, through all weathers, and can visualize as in an unwinding reel of video memory. Loving it but wanting more, I take another track. Then another.

More follow as I explore paths over and around three mountains set side by side in a nature reserve, exulting in following my nose on a whim but always with a sense of where I want to head. Sometimes resorting to satellite maps beforehand to study the terrain, for on the ground and buried in slopes territory looks confusingly different. Perspective matters you see!



Now I feel I own these mountains, they are mine, I have made them so by traversing their folds intimately, two hour walks of 10k, a man searching for the mysteries of his soul in a literal mapping of his extended neighborhood. Asserting a claim on life, certainly a touch of frenzy appears in those explorations, reminiscent of Eli Wallach's spiraling lust for graveyard gold at the end of *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*.

Has that been your path, like mine, on Second Life too? The lure of the road not taken in real life sublimated in SL explorations. My addiction to walking, by no means trivial, is as nothing compared with my addiction to the mind-to-mind stimulation offered by the residents of SL. A banquet of unending delights, the sin of gluttony all too real.

Yet for me, and here I must speak for myself alone, it was not the case at critical junctures that two roads lay equally in front of me. It was as if I were always careening down a toboggan run with no practical hope for escape until the end came and indeed no time to think on it while immersed in the demands of staying the present course. Only at the gate had a choice presented itself but I had neither the wit to realize it then nor the vision to conceive an alternative course when only the one appeared in front of me.

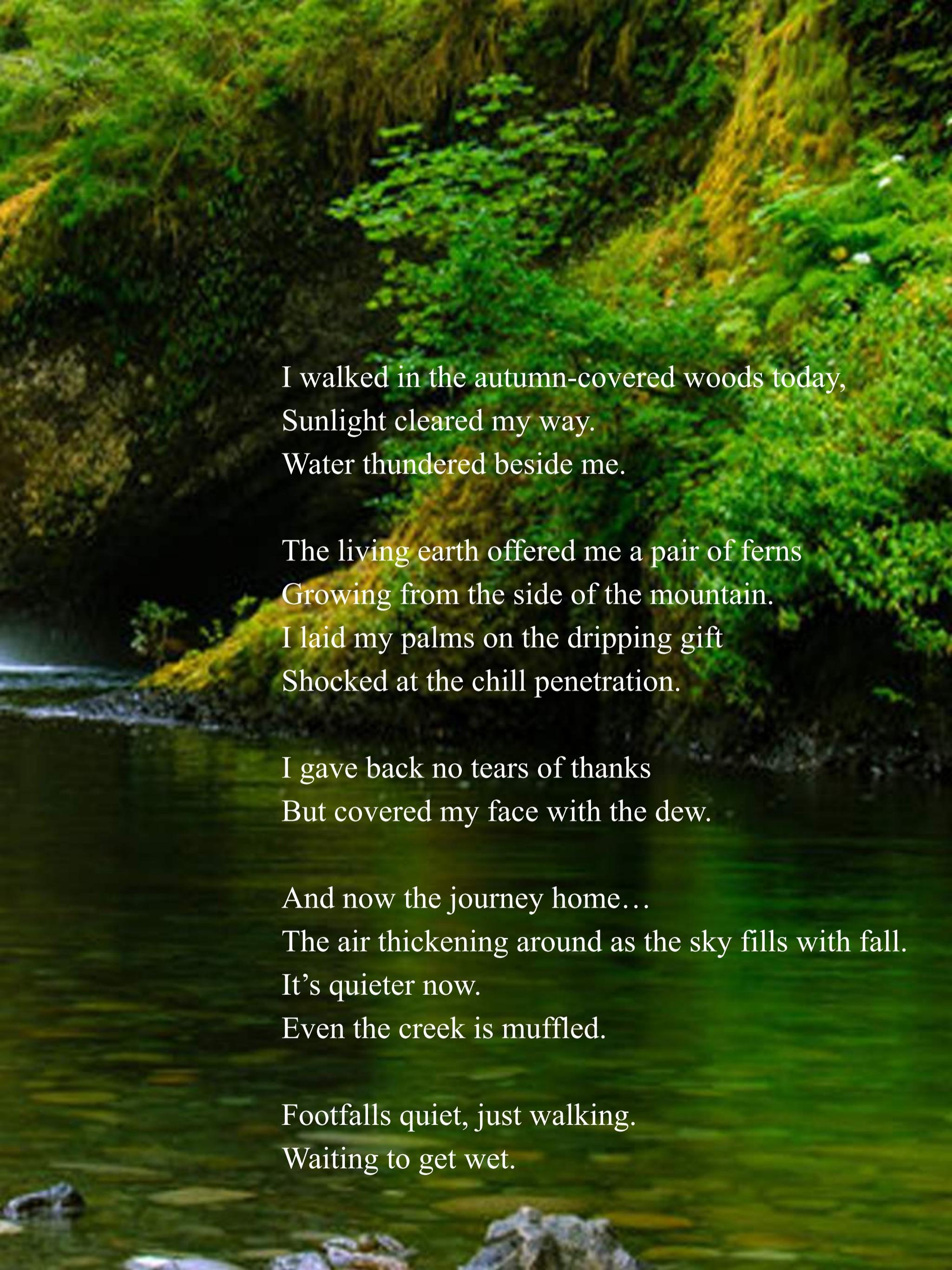
So the echoes of my footfalls now: door after open door of rose gardens abandoned behind me, on what path do I hear them sound? And what resonances do I find matching them in my mind?

• r — e — z •

Eagle Creek

by JadeSecret Quan





I walked in the autumn-covered woods today,
Sunlight cleared my way.
Water thundered beside me.

The living earth offered me a pair of ferns
Growing from the side of the mountain.
I laid my palms on the dripping gift
Shocked at the chill penetration.

I gave back no tears of thanks
But covered my face with the dew.

And now the journey home...
The air thickening around as the sky fills with fall.
It's quieter now.
Even the creek is muffled.

Footfalls quiet, just walking.
Waiting to get wet.

In A World of Change

by Cassie Parker



photo by kittysyellowjacket



We live in a world of change -- a world that changes in the blink of an eye.

Over the course of my career as an artist and producer, I have witnessed tremendous innovations, change and growth in my own artistic discipline, as well as in a multitude of artistic disciplines of colleagues around the globe. Painting, sculpture, architecture and dance are among the many fields that have harvested benefits from modern innovations and resources. In the world of the theatre that activity, largely driven by advances in technology, continues to occur at an alarming and almost blinding speed.

The theatre, centuries old and steeped in tradition, has changed radically over the course of the last twenty years. Obviously there have been changes throughout the centuries, but the modern theatre would barely be recognizable to theatrical artists of even fifty years ago. In those days, artists needed thick skins. The theatre was alive with criticism -- not only from the audience at large but from experts hired by the major metropolitan newspapers to judge not only the performances of each artist, but the merits and shortcomings of a production as a whole. It was a world that had only recently replaced grease paints with water-based pancake makeups developed by Max Factor,

Ben Nye, Mehron and Kryolan. Yes, even the centuries old smells of the theatre were changing, and changing rapidly.

Today, wireless microphones, LEDs, computerized lighting and sound boards, stage elevators, digitally projected scenery, holograms and other marvels of modern technology barely get an audience response. One can remember, just a few years ago when audiences thrilled to the placement of the barricade in the Cameron McIntosh production of *Les Misérables* in London, on Broadway or in numerous productions around the world. Indeed, we all marveled as the monstrous set piece appeared out of nowhere only to revolve, tilt and then lock into place -- magically transporting the unwitting audience to the Paris Uprising in June of 1832. Those of us that saw that original production in London or New York, immediately sensed our world would never be the same.

It was a world before the grid, before the internet, or even the personal computer -- a much slower world. Today's artists cannot possibly imagine the difficulty and expense incurred by artists of previous generations in an era when the simple act of distributing a resume and photo took days or even weeks to accomplish. There were no iPhones, no cell phones, no digital photography, no email, no text

messages. No this, no that - - no nothing!

You see, in those days an artist would actually type their resume. Yes, type - - on a typewriter. There were no fancy fonts, no embedded graphics, very little choice of paper stock and no way to update information - - except to retype a new resume after each and every new role performed.

expected to talk to people, not to machines.

Publicity photos were taken by professional photographers using actual 35mm film stock. They were processed in darkrooms or laboratories, reviewed and sent off by (snail) mail to companies that specialized in mass duplication of black and white head shots. A week or ten days later, with

Today, wireless microphones, LEDs, computerized lighting and sound boards, stage elevators, digitally projected scenery, holograms, and other marvels of technology barely get an audience response.

If you were seeking employment in a major US market like New York, several things were a must on that resume. First, a New York (preferably Manhattan) address was a sign of commitment to the art form and a sign of professionalism. It showed producers you were committed to the game. Secondly, a New York phone number - - usually the number of an answering service based in Manhattan was absolutely essential. An answering service was the most important investment a theatrical artist could make. While answering machines existed, they were frowned upon by the industry. The theatrical world was (and still is) a world about people and personal contacts. People, after all,

hundreds of 8x10 black and white photographs in hand, an artist would staple a Xeroxed copy of that typed resume to the back of each photo, bundle as many as they could carry, put on their winter coats (because all of this invariably happened in the midst of the blizzard of the century) and head out to make their “rounds” - - distributing their packets - - each with a cover letter, a headshot and resume all packaged in a manila envelope.

The goal was to deliver as many of these packets to as many different agents and theatrical agencies as you could in the span of an eight-hour work day. Delivery meant just that. Time after time, an artist would walk blocks



photos by mehmeturgut

to a building, climb five or six flights of steps only to slide the packet under the locked door of a theatrical agent -- all in hopes that someone might single them out from the hundreds of other resumes similarly distributed -- and grant them an audition for a show that might never make it to stage. These sorts of "cold calls" seldom paid dividends and yet, they were an essential part of trying to break into the theatrical business.

There were no electronic bulletin boards. The only way to find out about an audition was to check the daily listings in *Variety* or *Backstage* magazines -- daily industry newspapers that listed auditions for that day. Timing was everything, because an actor/singer/dancer faced severe competition to even receive an opportunity to audition. And so, artists would rise very early in the morning to

scope out the industry newspapers in hopes they could be among the first in a line of hundreds of artists vying for a couple dozen audition slots that day.

Survival jobs of the day (those jobs artists rely upon to pay the rent and to feed themselves) were, by in large, grueling. Artists worked long hard shifts as wait staff, bussers, bartenders, dishwashers and cooks. This was a time before data entry and other "white collar" survival jobs existed, so artists mostly relied on the food service industry to make ends meet. To this day, I remember my father asking me when I was going to get a "real job." Much to his credit, once I explained the inner workings of the restaurant industry, he understood the legitimacy of the enterprise and accepted me into his blue collar world.



Of course this, along with hundreds of other processes, changed immensely over the course of the ensuing years. Artists today face the same obstacles and disappointments my colleagues faced -- at a much faster pace, but at



greatly reduced cost in time, effort and monetary resources. Today, things move at lightning speed. I receive hundreds of resumes each year.

They flood my inbox on a weekly, if not daily basis - - digitally produced, beautifully designed and much easier to update with current up-to-date information.

Technology then, spurred on by the personal computer has transformed the world of the theatre forever. It has, of course, also opened new possibilities for the arts and for artists in a virtual setting. No one, at the dawn of the new millennium, would have ever imagined the artistic endeavors

those of us on the grid have grown to embrace. The proliferation of art, music, theatre and dance in the virtual world is astonishing. In addition to traditional art forms, a wide variety of new disciplines and genres are evolving on a daily basis.

I should note here, that to those of us that have worked an entire lifetime in

the theatre, in literature, in visual and other art forms, Second Life is, in fact, Third, Fourth or even Fifth Life. We're no strangers to alternative worlds and enhanced or augmented reality. We discovered alternative worlds years ago through our various arts disciplines. We have a lifetime of experience in creating things that never existed before. While many of the tools of self-expression have become electronic, the essence of art and imagination have remained constant over the centuries. Great art continues to spring from the soul, not from technique - - electronic or otherwise.

Technology then, has streamlined and simplified many of the daily tasks of an artist. It is equally true that technology has had an adverse effect on the theatre, the arts, and on cultural institutions of all types. One of the most substantial changes in the arts



environment in the last ten years has been the alarming speed at which arts criticism has become a “participatory activity” rather than a “spectator sport.”

Gone are the days when artists, producers and arts organizations waited breathlessly for a smattering of reviews to judge critical response to a play, an exhibit or concert. Professional arts critics were a key ingredient in civic dialog and arts criticism was an art form in its own right. An arts critic’s opinions and reviews could make or break a production. I’ve recently rediscovered and posted a few of my favorite examples from George Bernard Shaw, renowned art critic and playwright...

On Franz Schubert’s quartet, *Death and the Maiden*:

"By the time they came to variations on Death and the Maiden, I was reconciled to Death and indifferent to the Maiden."

And, in this contentious year of elections in the United States, something for all politicians to ponder.

"What we want is not music for the people but bread for the people, rest for the people, immunity from robbery and scorn for the people, hope for them, enjoyment, equal respect and

consideration, life and aspiration, instead of drudgery and despair. When we get that, I imagine the people will make tolerable music for themselves."

Gone, then, is the tradition of a regularly recurring voice in a widely circulated newspaper or magazine: a voice of expertise and passion that exposes a wide variety of art to a broad audience on a continual basis.

Of course, this has happened for a variety of reasons linked directly to the rise of electronic communications and the demise of the printed newspaper.

Renowned Arts Administrator Michael Kaiser, whose previous jobs have included President of the John F. Kennedy Performing Arts Center, as well as Executive Director of The Royal Opera House Covent Garden, American Ballet Theatre and Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater Foundation, is quick to point out three main reasons for this demise. In a piece written for the Huffington Post, Kaiser writes:

First, today far fewer people receive their news from print media. There is a reason the newspaper industry is in trouble. Advertisers are spending less in print media because fewer people are reading hard copy newspapers. And for those arts projects aimed at younger audiences, hard copy

newspapers are no longer a central element of a marketing strategy. Younger people get virtually all of their information online, through news websites, social media and chat rooms. And older people are increasingly getting their information online as well.

Second, because serious arts coverage has been deemed an unnecessary expense by many news media outlets looking to pare costs, there are fewer critics and less space devoted to serious arts criticism. Even the New York Times' arts section is dominated now by features and reviews of popular entertainment — television, movies and pop music — rather than serious opera, dance, music or theater.

And third, the growing influence of blogs, chat rooms and message boards devoted to the arts has given the local professional critic a slew of competitors. In theater circles alone one can visit talkingbroadway.com, broadwayworld.com, theatermania.com, playbill.com, and numerous other sites. Many arts institutions even allow their audience members to write their own critiques on the organizational website.

This is a scary trend.

While I have had my differences with one critic or another, I have great respect for the field as a whole. Most serious arts critics know a great deal about the field they cover and can



photo by anisprodigy

evaluate a given work or production based on many years of serious study and experience. These critics have been vetted by their employers.

Anyone can write a blog or leave a review in a chat room. The fact that someone writes about theater or ballet or music does not mean they have expert judgment.

But it is difficult to distinguish the professional critic from the amateur as one reads on-line reviews and critiques.

No one critic should be deemed the arbiter of good taste in any market and it is wonderful that people now have an opportunity to express their feelings about a work of art. But great art must not be measured by a popularity contest. Otherwise the art that appeals to the lowest common denominator will always be deemed the best.

Like Michael Kaiser, I fear we are rapidly becoming a society where art that appeals to the lowest common denominator is considered best. Compound this issue by the fact that we, on the grid, are by in large creating art in a culture that has always been devoid of professional criticism. It's no wonder then, that on the grid, we have created an "everyone is an artist" attitude. Don't misunderstand or be confused. I wholeheartedly embrace a

populist attitude among artists and in the art world as a whole, but criticism is a vital part of a healthy and vibrant arts society.

When I was a practitioner in my art form, and not just a producer, I anxiously awaited the release of the morning newspaper to see if the



photo by lawrencew

performance I had given the evening before was embraced or rejected by the local arts critic. Honestly, I always expected and dreaded bad news. Sometimes those reviews were glowing and other times they were not.

But every review, whether good or bad, made me a more thoughtful, more prepared, more engaged and more expressive artist.

I do mourn the loss of professional criticism in my field. I think it made me a better member of my community and a better person. At the same time,



it created a civic dialog that opened a window to the world of art and culture to my friends, and to the world at large.

So given the current climate, we're on

our own. We must be fair and empathetic, but we must also develop the skills to recognize good art from the bad. I encourage you to flex your artistic criticism muscles -- to go to the theatre, to the symphony, to the opera, to the ballet, to the art museum. Think deeply about what you see. Practice your own critical thinking skills. Don't accept less than the very best from the artists you support, but at the same time, reward risks that are bold and imaginative that might occasionally fall short of expectations. Artists need your criticism to stay on track, to make sure we're questioning societal norms and to make certain we're creating a world worthy of all of us.

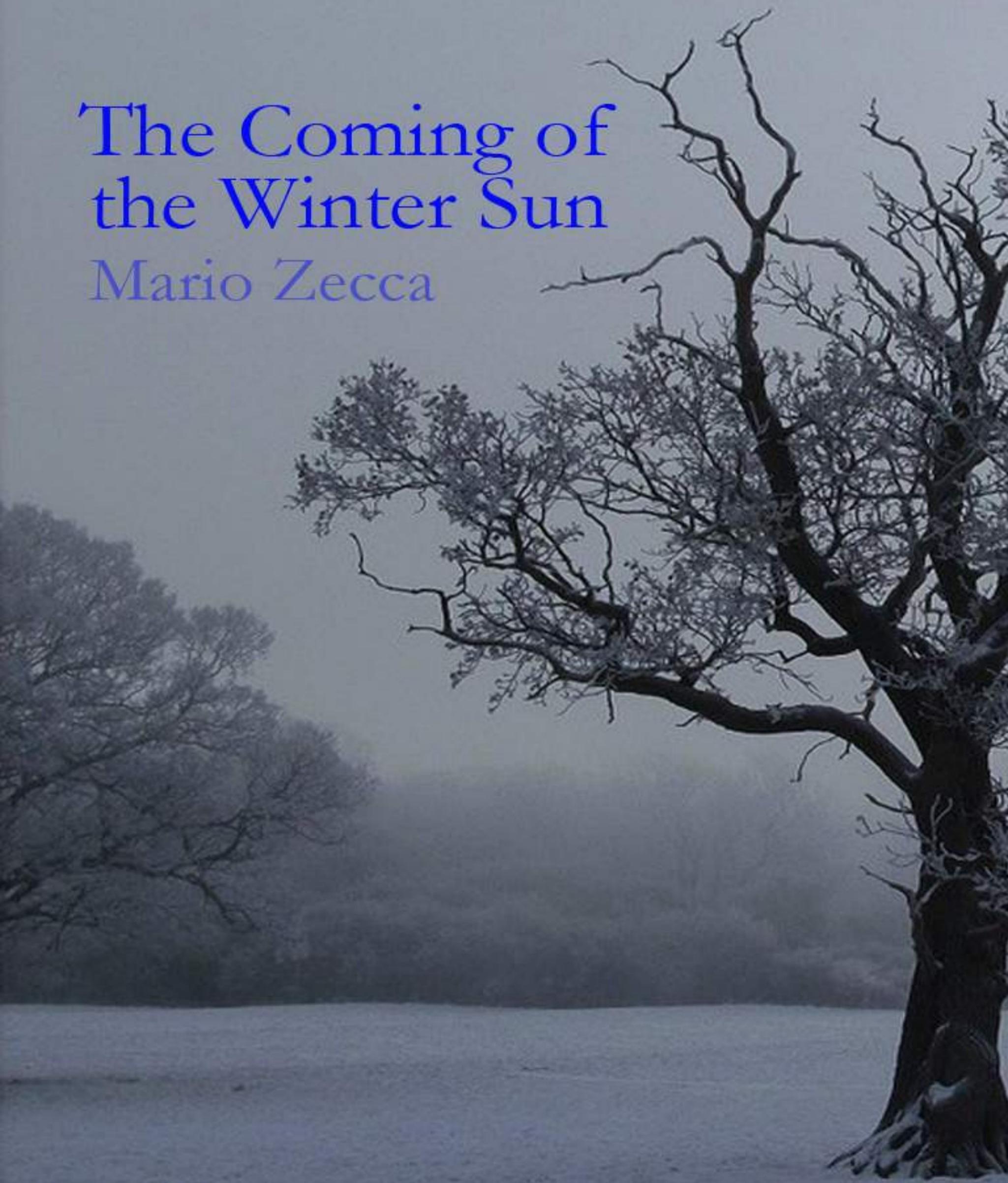
At TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, I invite and embrace your criticism. It makes me a better producer, it makes us a better troupe, and it makes our world a more thoughtful place. After all, that's why we do what we do. To change lives, and to change them for the better. We have one rule -- and it's golden, so be thoughtful, kind and critical. Those three behaviors are, after all, not necessarily in conflict with one another.

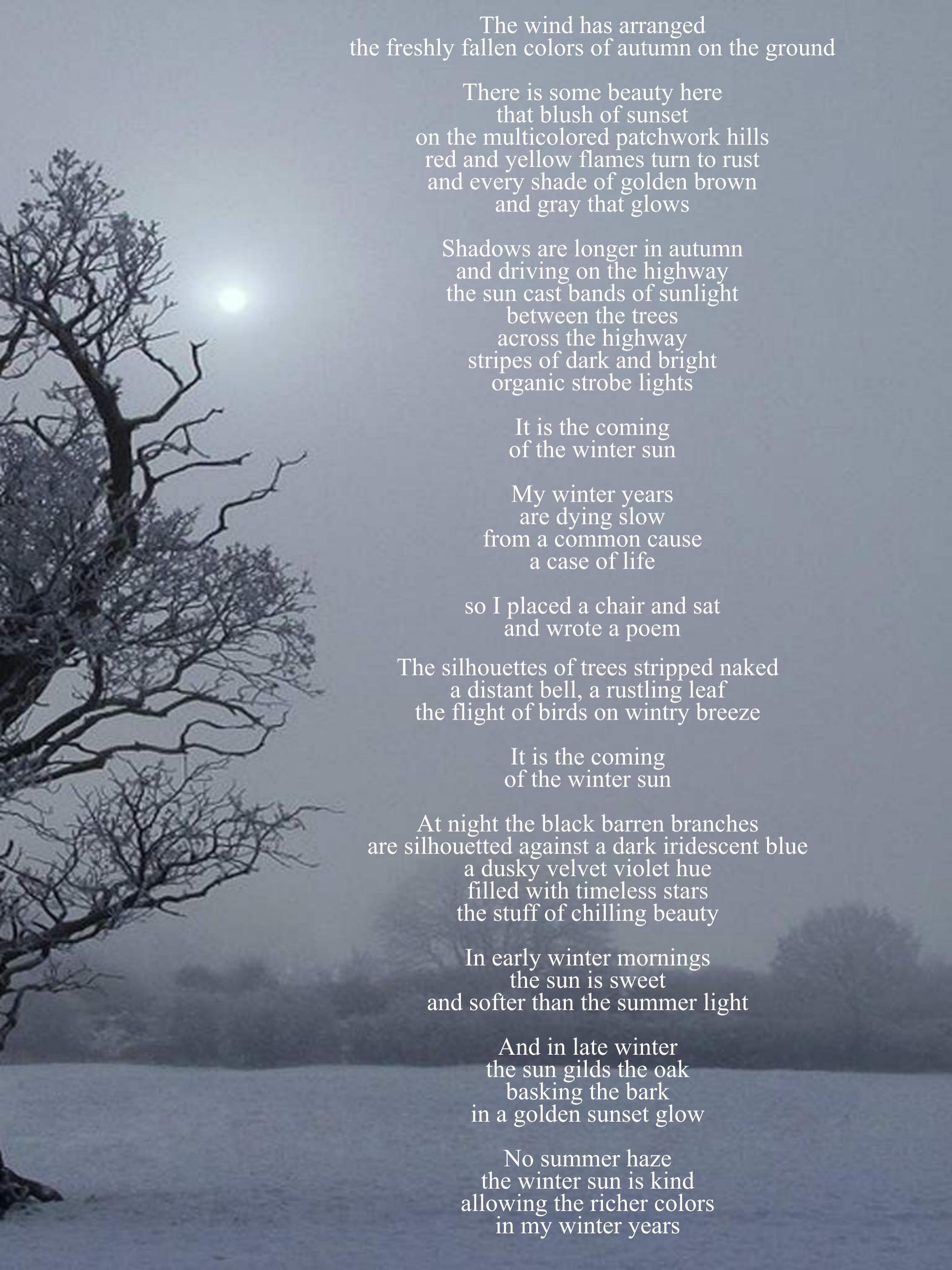
Thank you for supporting art -- in every world you possibly can. I look forward to seeing you at the theatre!

• r — e — z •

The Coming of the Winter Sun

Mario Zecca





The wind has arranged
the freshly fallen colors of autumn on the ground

There is some beauty here
that blush of sunset
on the multicolored patchwork hills
red and yellow flames turn to rust
and every shade of golden brown
and gray that glows

Shadows are longer in autumn
and driving on the highway
the sun cast bands of sunlight
between the trees
across the highway
stripes of dark and bright
organic strobe lights

It is the coming
of the winter sun

My winter years
are dying slow
from a common cause
a case of life

so I placed a chair and sat
and wrote a poem

The silhouettes of trees stripped naked
a distant bell, a rustling leaf
the flight of birds on wintry breeze

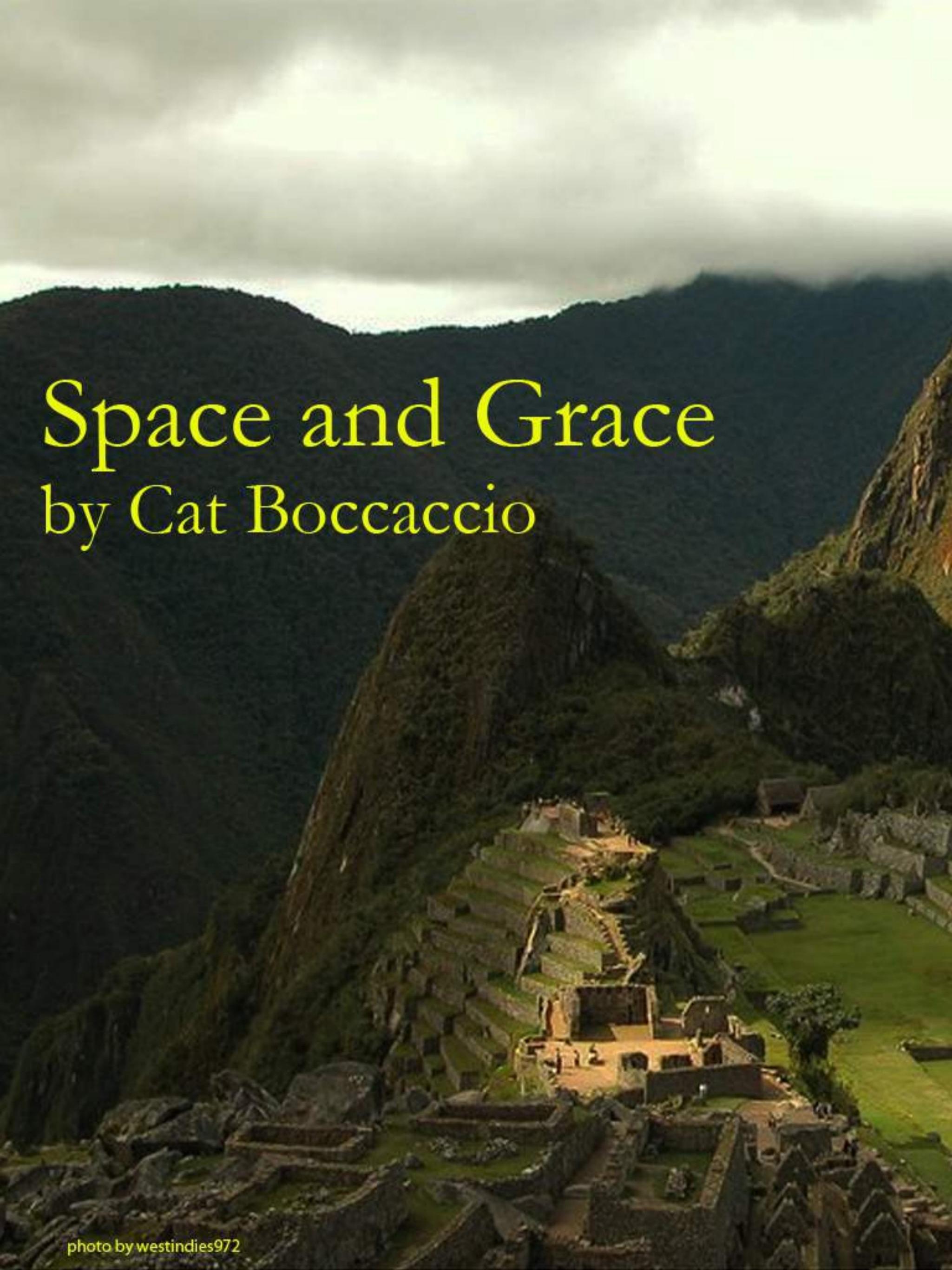
It is the coming
of the winter sun

At night the black barren branches
are silhouetted against a dark iridescent blue
a dusky velvet violet hue
filled with timeless stars
the stuff of chilling beauty

In early winter mornings
the sun is sweet
and softer than the summer light

And in late winter
the sun gilds the oak
basking the bark
in a golden sunset glow

No summer haze
the winter sun is kind
allowing the richer colors
in my winter years

The background image shows an aerial view of the ancient Inca city of Machu Picchu. The city is built on a mountain ridge, with numerous stone walls, terraces, and buildings. The surrounding landscape is rugged and green, with steep mountains and valleys. The sky is overcast and cloudy.

Space and Grace

by Cat Boccaccio



By the time Diane Crosby got to Carmen's downtown office, the storms had retreated, leaving the streets flooded. Some people had abandoned their vehicles right in the middle of the avenue, so that as the firefighters manned the pumps and the sun came out, too hot, and started to dry the pavement, traffic was snarled and slow.

"You made it," said Carmen. "I thought you might get caught in that." She gestured to her office window and to the street, four floors below, where steam was rising from the sidewalks, and pedestrians picked their way through the parked cars and fat firefighter hoses.

"Had to sell my car," said Diane. "Took the bus and walked."

"Well, looks like you may be able to buy a new one," Carmen said, picking up a document from her desk. "The details are being worked out, but looks like a nice settlement is coming your way. How are you feeling?"

"Just fine, have been fine forever. What details? How much?"

"About a quarter of a million," said the lawyer.

"Oh my eff god," said Diane. Now, the food poisoning had been horrible, the sickest she had ever been. She'd contemplated the joys of dying and drifting off to stomach pump-free heaven. She thought of the man she had escorted

on the cruise that day, his oily face and sagging paunch, and what he wanted her to do, and how she would never again need to make ends meet by catering to people who were the opposite of friends, people who paid for her company, paid for her to be beautiful, sycophantic, and sometimes, naked.

The money would go towards tuition and debt. Then she would take a vacation; she was thinking of tackling the Bugaboo Ascents, or if funds permitted, hiking some of the Machu Picchu trails. She wanted fresh air, isolation, peace, space, and grace before she started her law career, possibly in the very practice in whose offices she sat. Perhaps Carmen had represented people like Diane Crosby before. Diane would represent people like Diane, when she passed the bar. People who worked hard and got screwed anyway, sometimes literally.

Meanwhile Carmen was putting on a Burberry raincoat and fishing out her keys. "I've got a Land Rover parked just around the corner," she said. "It will get through this mess. I'll give you a lift."

"This is the best," Diane said. It was the best. Chauffeured home through a storm by her lawyer, who had just won her a big settlement and changed her life forever, in a glossy silver Land Rover, which was the truck Diane Crosby would have when she was settled in practice, earning money helping people like Diane.

F^{ri}day

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Tonight's Theme:

?

Night

Howelsen
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9-11 SLT

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